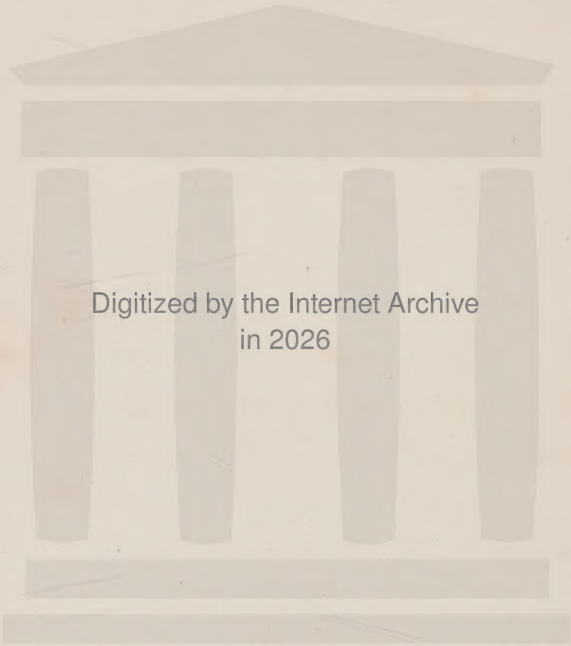
The Land I Live In

And Other Verse

By Robert Freeman



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and

Other Verse

BY

ROBERT FREEMAN

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

1921

TO MARGERY

I yearned, I sought, I prayed for fame,
I followed the wisp through my young life.
And lo! at last the glory came:—
I am the husband of my wife.

CONTENTS

JOY

I'm Glad 1
The Land I Live In 2
Evening Thanksgiving 4
Morning Thanksgiving 5
My Gardens 6
Lincoln 7
Robert J Burdette 8
His Mantle 9
Daddy 10
Give Thanks 13
The Nursery Engineer 14
Sixty-Four 16
The Mother Tongue 18
On Being Fifty 20
The Crowning Joy 21

LOVE

Thy Love to Me 25
A Son to His Dead Mother 26
My Home 29
Fatherhood 30
My Daughter 31
My Baby 32
Her Heritage 34
My Little Girl 36
Any Parent's Opinion 38
What I Would Do 40
Don't 42
Excelsior 45

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

Everybody's Day 49
Christmas After the Honeymoon 50
Once a Year 51
Near or Far 52
We Are Glad 53
A Rondeau 54
With a Photograph 55
The Threshold of the Year 56
A New Year 57

WAR

A Soldier's Prayer 61
Be Brave! 62
We're One for Uncle Sam 64
The Woman's Part 66
Mother's Prayer 67
Columbia's Prayer 68
The Fear of Fear 69
Prayer at Night—Up Front 70
Prayer in the Morning—Up Front 71
Evening Prayer—en repos 72
Morning Prayer—en repos 73
The Colors 74
Prayer for the Folk at Home 76
Tom 78
Thy Kingdom Come 80
Armistice Day 82
Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men 83
My Country! My Country! 84
A Discovery 86

Verses Written to His Children from France:

The Little Soldier 89
Review of the Dolls 90
Geography 92

In a Dugout 93
"Please, It Was a Hun" 94
The Absent Peggy 95
Step by Step 96

FAITH

My Prayer 99
I Will Never Leave Thee 100
The Living Christ 102
Strike the Line! 104
The Challenge of the Difficult—to the Y. M. C. A. . . 106
The Jubilee—to the Y. W. C. A. 107
In a Hospital 108
Midnight in the Sickroom 110
A Hymn of Gratitude 111
God Bless Our Home 112
Try It Again 114
Grace Before Meat 115

HOPE

The Mocking-Bird 119
Death 120
Snow 121
They Knew 122
Robert R. Meredith 124
Baffling Time 127
Prophetic Voices 128
Out of Sight, But Not Away 130
"In My Father's House" 131

Lucile Gist.

JOY

& go to
John N. Marquis

I'M GLAD

I envy not their acres wide,
The luxury in which they ride,
The palaces where they abide,—
    I'm glad that I am I.

For I have health, and work, and play,
Rich thoughts laid by for rainy day,
And a good companion on the way,—
    I'm glad that I am I.

And I have bonds no bank can buy
In friends who hold my friendship high,
In bairns with laughter in their eye,—
    I'm glad that I am I.

And my life's call is clear to me,
The other soul is dear to me,
The Great Good God is near to me,—
    I'm glad that I am I.

THE LAND I LIVE IN

I love the land I live in,
Happy land of heart's desire,
Far-off land of prophet vision
Dimly limned in sunset fire,
Land of ancient song and story
Chanted low to lute and lyre—
O I love it, and I have it for my own.

I love the land I live in,
Where the Padres trod of old,
Soldiers battled for its booty,
Miners scrabbled for its gold,
Sailors damned it for its dangers—
O the wierdest tales are told
Of this land I love to look on as mine own.

I love the land I live in,
Where the mountains hail the sea,
Where the desert bounds the orchard,
And the future's yet to be;
Where the sons of every nation
Say in divers tongues: "I'm free,
And I love this land I live in as mine own."

For the milkman is a Belgian,
The baker he is French,
The butcher is a German,
And the cook a colored wench;
The gardener came from Sweden,
Here's a peddler from Japan,
The preacher is a Scotsman,
And the judge an Irishman.

I love the land I live in,
Where the ranges lie in snow,
While the golden fruit is hanging
And the roses bloom below;
Where the rich man has his palace,
And the poor his bungalow,
And each boasts the land he lives on as his own.

O I love the land I live in,
Where the past is all behind,
Where sons of men begin again
With health and daring mind;
And the chiefest of her virtues
Is her love of being kind—
Blessed land of my adoption, she's my own.

EVENING THANKSGIVING

For kindly patience shown this day
By those in higher places;
For warm forgiveness by the way,
And smiling servant faces;
For sweet content's unenvying eye
At sight of power and wealth;
For human hearts that note the cry
Of broken hopes and health;
For all that our work has brought to us,
All that temptation wrought in us;
For thoughts and books and things of beauty;
For cheerfulness in the way of duty;
And now for the stars that sing over head,
For the love of our homes and the ease of our
bed,
For the cool of the night, and for weariness,
Good God of our lives, Thy name we bless.

MORNING THANKSGIVING

For sleep through one more painless night,
All wrapped in soft forgetfulness;
For eager hearts that hail the light,
Unirked by sharp regretfulness;
For eyes that see the trees, the birds,
The morning faces of our friends;
For ears that hear the gentle words
And happy songs the day still sends;
For healthy cry for food and drink,
For time to play and power to think,
For will to work and work to do,
For those who trust us to be true,
For pluck that dares and strength that can,
For hope in God and faith in man,
For love of all the pure and good,
Accept, O Lord, our gratitude.

MY GARDENS

My childhood is not dead;
  Its blossoms are more fragrant now
Than when I trod the flowery bed
  With ruthless feet. Yea, I vow
    That every garden where for me the sun
      did shine
    Was, and is, and ever shall be mine,

No vernal friend is gone;
  Those worthy souls struck roots too deep
For Time to pluck. Against each dawn
  Their rosy leaves wave me from sleep;
    For every garden where for me the sun
      did shine
    Was, and is, and ever shall be mine.

The past is not the past;
  All my blessed yesterdays
Shall bear their fruit while life shall last,
  Their fragrance sweeten all my ways;
    For every garden where for me the sun
      did shine
    Was, and is, and ever shall be mine.

LINCOLN

Come, come and rest thee, O Diogenes!
Bold cynic who dost scorn the beck of kings,
Forsake the proud humility that clings
To high contempt of time and place and these
Thy fellow-men! A better day decrees
Thou shalt abate thy misanthropic flings
At all who pace the Metro-um. With things
Outworn, untrue, thy lantern now agrees.

Behold this face, commingling stern and kind,
By virtues warmed, by cares all deeply lined;
A face to win the trust e'en of a babe—
Not soured by poverty, nor steeled by lies
From traitrous tongues. Search these unwavering eyes;
Then quench thy flame, and call him "Honest Abe."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Sweet as the meadow-lark that follows rain
With pure enchantment, and with liquid art,
Unstudied and unspoiled, doth cause us start
From gloomy meditation, breathe again
The fragrance of the earth, answer the strain
Of his brief melody in kind, depart
With lifted head, with eyes made glad, with heart
Mellowed for discord and made brave for pain:

Such was thy ministry, glad little man;
Such the benign contagion of thy plan,
That thou hast left, wherever thou hast trod,
Full many a soul to hail thee "Sent of God,"
Full many a soul who never shall forget
The laugh and love of Robert J. Burdette.

HIS MANTLE

O for the subtle touch of his art!
O for the gift of his pen!
O for his smile just once in a while!
O for his ways among men!

O for the gentle charm of his speech!
O for the powers of his mind!
But mostly we pray on this deep-shadowed day
Just for his grace to be kind!

DADDY

It's good to take the dusty road
With Daddy,
To shoulder my share of a camper's load
Like Daddy;
Flee for a night all coddling care,
The dreads and the dangers of darkness dare,
With the stars in my eyes and the dew in my hair,—
And Daddy.

It's fun to sit by the crackling fire,
With Daddy,
While the flames leap high and the sparks fly higher,
For Daddy;
To break for once the home food ban,
Eat with my fingers out of a pan,
And chatter along as man to man,
With Daddy.

It's wierd to look across the flames
At Daddy,
While he gives the shadows familiar names—
My Daddy!
Till he peoples the dark, like a fairy book,
With ghost and giant and goblin and spook,
And I see them all, though I only look
At Daddy!

It's great to stretch on a sweet pine bed,
By Daddy,
To vision the trails that lie ahead,
With Daddy,
Gaze for a while at the spangled sky,
Sleepily smile to the man close by,
And yield to Nature's lullaby,
With Daddy.

It's queer to sleep in the fog and cold
With Daddy,
In blanket and poncho snugly rolled
By Daddy;
To hear the leaves and the gurgling stream,
The boom of the waves and the night birds'
scream,
And weave them all in a troubled dream,—
By Daddy.

Then the dawn, the dawn, and the dusty way
With Daddy!
Another vagabondish day
With Daddy!
No call has he, no cares annoy,
He's all my own, and mine the joy
Of finding the very heart of a boy
In Daddy!

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks! Give thanks for what? I boast
no lands
Where branded cattle browse, or fatting
sheep;
No fertile acres where my sons shall reap
That they have not sown; no mountain-sides
where stands
The golden yellow pine; no impregnate sands
Whence dully iridescent fountains leap;
No ships have I that ride the fickle deep,
Nor factory where souls of men are *hands*.

Give thanks? Ay, but I do give thanks, God
knows.
Thanks that my wife and children cry no woes
Into a leaden sky; my neighbor wields
The scythe and not the sword in all his fields;
This land between the seas is free from
blood,
And stands to serve the world in brother-
hood.

THE NURSERY ENGINEER

Yes, my hands are pretty dirty;
I've been working all the day
In the cab of this great engine,
Working for the Santa Fe.
Here's my brake and here the throttle;
There's the roaring furnace door;
Here I look ahead for danger,
Watching every semaphore.
That's the boiler, there the sand-dome,
Here my mighty driving-wheel—
My, it makes the whole world tremble
When I ride the road of steel!
Over prairies, over bridges,
Through the sleeping towns at night—
Don't you guess some little children
Wake and cry for very fright?
Sometimes, up a steep, steep mountain,
With a long and heavy train,—
Mail, express car, diner, sleepers,—
I have choog-chooged all in vain,
Till I got a friendly helper,
Like that engine painted red,
Coupled on to push behind me,
Or perhaps to pull ahead.

Then we panted up together:
"Choog-a-choog! I think I can!"
Till we turned the grade; then, puffing
"Thought I could!" away we ran.
Yes, my hands are pretty dirty,
You'd be dirty working here,
Smoky, smelly, grimy, greasy—
But you'd be an engineer!

SIXTY-FOUR

Ye're saxty-fower year auld!
Weel, wha'd ha' thoct it, noo?
Yer cheek's as braw, yer e'e as bricht,
Yer step is geyan near as licht
As when the lads frae far an' near
Cam Katy's hert tae woo.

Ye're saxty-fower year auld!
A saw ye no lang syne
Roamin' the fields, pickin' the haws,
Gatherin' berries, chasin' craws,
Singin' the while as when a lass
Ye sang wi' hert an' min'.

Ye're saxty-fower year auld!
An' a'll wot ye'll milk a coo,
Harness a horse, an' drive her tae,
Or clim' afit the steepest brae,
Or gather tawties i' the field,
An' maybe haud the ploo.

Ye're saxty-fower year auld!
Noo tell me, is it true?
Ye look sae young, sae fresh, sae strang,
It seems tae me ye maun be wrang,
Ye pit us younger folk tae shame,
We look as auld as you.

THE MOTHER TONGUE

I wandered far in foreign lands,
'Mong nations east and west;
I spoke their tongue, or thought I did,
And in their garb I dressed.

I found myself in *gai Paris,*
Within a *restaurant;*
I tried a "*Comment allez-vous?*"
The waiter "*ne comprend.*"

But for an answer gave a wink,
And, smiling broad and bland,
Said: "You'd better speak the guid auld
tongue,
If you'd hae me understand."

Then later, when in fair Berlin
I addressed a "*Sprechen-sie?*"
To a stately, portly gentleman,
His look nigh withered me.

"Na, na, a dinna speak yer Deutsch,
Nae gibberish for me;
A've got ma ain auld mither-tongue;
An' it'll dae in Germany."

I passed across the Orient,
Reached beautiful Japan,
That island of the morning,
That paradise for man.

I bade my servant, "*O-hey-o!*"
He looked me up and down;
He stared me out of countenance
With grin, and sneer, and frown.

"Gae wa, ye donnart Scotsman,
What's this you're flingin' roon'?
Am a no' masel frae Glescae,
An' ken a nae the soon'

O' yer doon-the-water accent,
Wi' its twirlin', birlin' r-r-r?
A tell ye, man, you're safe tae speak
The hame tongue everywhere."

And so I stick tae Doric noo,
I speak it everywhere;
And, if I ever get tae heaven,
I'll talk in Doric there.

ON BEING FIFTY

(TO JOHN WILLIS BAER)

Folks smile on de chile what am brack as a sack,
Dey smile on de chile what am yeller,
Dere's a smile fo' de chile wid de fist to be kissed,
Dist because he's a cute little feller.

Folks envy de lad what am young and well-strung,
Dey envy de lad what am clebber:
An' de truf is de youf is de gift of de Lawd
To keep de worl' young-like forebber.

But I'd radder be fadder dan son, bress you, hon,
I'd radder hab grey hairs a-plenty;
Wid de lub o' yo' mammy and de lub o' de Lawd,
I'd radder be fifty dan twenty.

THE CROWNING JOY

There's the joy of being single,
And the joy of those who ain't;
The joy of being commonplace,
The joy of being quaint;
The joy of those who labor,
And the joy of those who loaf;
The joy that has a fortune,
And the joy that has enough;
But the joy that pales all others,
And is cheap at any cost,
Is to find the book I borrowed,
Six months after it was lost.

LOVE

THY LOVE TO ME

Thy love to me is like the snow,
Immaculate;
It makes me long God's love to know,
And sin to hate:
And in thy purity
I seek obscurity,
Free from myself to be, in thee, my love.

Thy love to me like rarest wine
Doth strength impart,
Sweet foretaste of a life divine
Doth fill my heart.
Then, though I weary be,
If thou be near to me,
I shall find rest in thee, in thee, my love.

Thy love to me is like the dawn,
When folds of light
Enwrap the world; when gloom is gone,
And all is bright.
Then, though my heart be sad,
Thou soon wilt make it glad,
Fairest and sunshine-clad, my life, my love.

A SON TO HIS DEAD MOTHER

To-day,
Though under many flags men wear the spotless flower,
And reverently meet to whisper mother's name,
There is in all the wide, wide world,
No one but me to think of thee.
I would not have thee, in the better land,
Go hungry for the want of love;
I would not have thee turn aside with bowing head,
The one forgotten
In all the mother-throng made glad with praise.
That happy mother, cooing and kissing there
In lavish love and boundless pride—
Thou once wast she;
And that pure-skinned, pure-souléd babe close to her heart—
He once was I.
And thou, as she, didst dream, dream dreams for me,
Nor ever dream thy son less lovely or with soul less pure.
It is not absence makes my heart grow fond;

But I am come to be a man, who, in maturity,
And in this mother by my side, discerns the cost of love;
Am come to be a man, and wishful now
To be a boy just for to-day.
A thousand sins I would confess;
A thousand times I'd plead thy sweet forgiveness,
If I could kneel by thee again:
My brutal, boyish ways, my impudence, my clumsiness,
Neglects, late-comings, choices of friends
Unworthy of my mother's son,
Whom thou couldst read as I can read them now—
All this and more. And yet, perhaps,
I'd sit in silence understood,
Confession in my face, forgiving love in thine.
Look on me, mother mine,
Whose blood and faith have drawn me to the best I ever was;
Look on this blundering man,
Who longs this day to be thy boy again;

And pray the God to whom thou taughtest me
to pray
That I may even now become not all,
Not all unworthy that good gift He gave to me,
My Mother.

MY HOME

My home! my home! Where is my home!
In a mansion of beauty where all is delight?
In a little log hut on the great mountain's
height?
In a vine-covered cot 'mong low rolling hills,
Where a brook babbles by in rippling rills?
Not there, not there, not there is my home.

'Neath a grass-covered plot with a stone at its
head,
All cold and alone my fair mother lies dead;
She sleeps there, sweet mother, and my heart's
in that tomb.
It is there, it is there, it is there is my home.

FATHERHOOD

More than they who patient scan the skies
With lens and chart and clock; nor day nor night
Refrain from tranquil hope, till lo! the light
Of dim and unrecorded suns doth rise;
More than they who point dull, doubting eyes
Beyond the haze, and, braving scorn, despite
The risk unknown by sea and land, dare fight
Until they make that dream their nation's prize:

More than these do I rejoice, my son,
(Nor taste her brimming cup who waited thee
Full long in perilous expectancy),
More than their best trophies have I won,
Nor envy them their glory. Nay, I'd rather
Be a common man, if so I be a Father.

MY DAUGHTER

Your mother comes from heaven, child;
Your father boasts his birth
In the picturesquest city
Of the proudest folk on earth.

But with an angel mother, child,
E'en though your dad's a Scot,
I reckon you are destined
For a useful, happy lot.

For you are born to show, my child,
The love that links these two;
And all the worth of heaven and earth
Are found and bound in you.

MY BABY

Go, go, little boat,
All newly afloat,
    With your white sail spread to the breeze;
Ride, ride with the tide,
Till the river grows wide
    And the waters turn back to the seas.

Flow, flow, little stream
From the land of my dream,
    Little stream all agleam as you run,
For the rose and the blue
Of my skies are in you,
    And in you are my stars and my sun.

Blow, blow, little breeze,
Set the chimes of the trees
    All aring with the music you bring
From heartland and highland,
From harpland and skyland,
    The land where the angels sing.

Grow, grow, little flower,
Blend of sunshine and shower,
    Thou wild little child of the field;
What wealth could I hold
Like this lapful of gold,
    What gift like the breath thou dost yield?

Glow, glow, little star!
We who wander afar
    Need a candle of love on the road.
Burn, burn till we learn
That our footsteps must turn
    To the manger—then lead us to God!

HER HERITAGE

As you came to the earth, on the day of your
birth,
Down the star-dust trail of the skies,
As you sped by the sun, was it there that you
won
The bright shining light of your eyes?
But she shakes her round head, and seems
to have said:
"What an ignorant man is my father!
Why, the light that you see, as all light,
came to me
From that God-lumined soul,—my Mother."

As you broke from the dawn, ere our darkness
was gone,
Through the rose-tinted sky, little miss,
Was it then that there came those touches of
flame
That burn in the cheeks that I kiss?
But she shakes her round head, and seems
to have said:
"There's an easier way to gather
Both beauty of face, and all winning
grace,—
Just start with a beautiful Mother."

Happy sprite, was your home in the land of
the gnome?
Did you bound out of Elfland where is
The spirit of play through the laugh-rippled
day?
Did you learn to be glad from the fairies?
But she shakes her round head, and seems
to have said:
"Silly man, can you think of no other?
Why, for gladness and song, the whole
fairy throng
Can't compare with my radiant Mother."

So I muse as I hold this lapful of gold:
What a fortune this treasure will be
If ever she can be to some mere man
All her mother has proven to me.
But she gurgles and squeals, and she kicks
up her heels,
Till her eyes catch the eyes of another;
Then she swings her about, and her lips
'gin to pout,
Till she's safe in the arms of her Mother."

MY LITTLE GIRL

I prayed for her coming, this fairy divine,
I sought her, my daughter: "O come, B-B mine."

And she came to my life, like a star from above,
A spark of her mother, my own B-B love.

Now my whole little world all compacted lies
In the swift changing light of my dear B-B's eyes.

I sail over seas never foamed by the ships,
In the musical prattle of dear B-B's lips.

I have peace for my heart, I can smile through my tears,
When my fingers fall lightly on dear B-B's ears.

I move 'mong the angels of God over there,
When I hold the fine gold of my dear B-B's hair.

O the warm thrill of pride as I turn me to greet
The stamp and the patter of dear B-B's feet.

I am held as if shackled by broad brazen bands
In the soft twining grip of my dear B-B's hands.

I covet nor fortune nor praise while I gaze
With delight at the sight of my dear B-B's ways.

ANY PARENT'S OPINION

Did ever you see such a baby, now?
Such a wonderful, winning baby, now?
Just mark that head, its shape, its size,
The knowing twinkle of those eyes;
You may be sure some mischief goes
Where'er you find that crinkled nose.
Whatever else the child may be,
'Tis written in his destiny:
"A humorist,
Who fosters the style,
Old-fashioned style,
To give a smile and get a smile,"—
And I am quite unprejudiced.

Did ever you see such a baby, now?
So handsome and wholesome a baby, now?
Note how the artist touched that face,
Shaped the limbs with perfect grace,
Dimpled the hands, moulded the brow,—
Did ever you see such a baby, now?
Surely this boy has long, long odds
On Zeus, Apollo and all the gods.

Fortune-kissed,
There wait him health,
Surging health,
And all the emoluments of wealth—
    And I am quite unprejudiced.

Did ever you see such a baby, now?
So masterful a baby, now?
That chin, that mouth, you must agree
Prognosticate authority.
Just listen with what force he speaks
While yet he measures life by weeks.
Already all the family stands
And waits his majesty's commands.
I must insist
'Tis evident,
The powers have meant
This lad shall be our President—
    And I am quite unprejudiced.

WHAT I WOULD DO

"If I had a cake," said a tiny tad,
"I know what I would do.
Of course, I dearly love my dad,
And all my aunts and uncles, too;
But if I had a cake," said this little lad,
"I'd share it, I'd share it;
Yes, if I had a cake," said my little lad,
"I'd share it with my mother."

"If I had a flower," said Miss Third Grade,
"I know what I would do;
The sweetest flower God ever made,
Of deepest red or heavenly blue,
And angel perfume,—I'm afraid
I'd give it, I'd give it;
Yes, if I had a flower," said Miss Third Grade,
"I'd give it to my mother."

"If I could have the D. S. C.,
I know what I would do,"
Said a gallant lad across the sea,
A youth of twenty-one or -two.
"If that reward should come to me,
I'd pin it, I'd pin it—
Yes, if that reward should come to me,
I'd pin it on my mother."

"If I had a crown," said a soul of years,
"I know what I would do;
Its diamonds crystals of her tears,
My blood become its rubies too.
(Ah, Mighty God, I pray she hears
In heaven, in heaven!)
Yes, if that were mine," said this soul of years,
"In heaven I'd crown my mother."

DON'T

Say, what can a five-year old do, tell me that!
A five-year-old boy, not a mouse,
When the grown-ups combine to restrain will o' mine,
On the street, in the yard, in the house?

My daddy shouts: "*Don't* be a babe—be a man!
Don't make such a howl when you're hurt!"
My mother says: "Please, *don't* creep out those knees!
Don't play in the wet and the dirt!"

My grandma remarks: "Why, Bobby, you know
You *don't* use your fingers to eat;
Your spoon is the thing; and you *don't* ever sing
At your meals; and you *don't* leave your seat."
My auntie is quick with her "*Don't* contradic'!
Don't talk to your mother that way!

It's naughty, you know!" and she shakes me
just so,
And wonders what daddy would say.

And so on it goes from morning till night;
It's "Bobby, *don't* slam every door!"
"*Don't* wriggle and squirm like a snake or a
worm!"
"*Don't* pound!" and "*Don't* stamp on the
floor."

"*Don't* wake up the babe with your wild Indian
whoop!"
"*Don't* ask me to read to you now!"
"*Don't* suck on your bib!" "*Don't* poke sister's
rib!"
"*Don't* kick, or I'll spank you, I vow!"

"Now, *don't* interrupt!" and "*Don't* say 'You
mutt!' "
"*Don't* say to your auntie, 'I won't!' "
"And *don't* throw that sand which you hold in
your hand
In poor Peggy's eyes—mind you *don't!*"

"*Don't* dare say to sister you'll cut off her
head!"
"*Don't* kick off the bedclothes, you sprite!"
"*Don't* rouse me up, please, from the bed of
my ease,
At half past the middle of night!"

Oh, what can a five-year-old do, tell me that!
A red-blooded boy, not a mouse,
When the grown-ups combine to restrain
will o' mine,
On the street, in the yard, in the house?

EXCELSIOR

I.

Kitchen. Pantry. Jam on high.
Bobby hungry. Upturned Eye!

II.

Hushee! Tiptoe! Hunger grows.
Bob excited. Upturned Nose!

III.

Reach it. Opened. Care far-flung.
Bobby happy. Upturned Tongue!

IV.

Footsteps! Conscience! Mounting Fear!
Bobby troubled. Upturned Ear!

V.

Miserere! Vanished Joy.
Mother! Paddle! Upturned boy!

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

EVERYBODY'S DAY

We could do without my birthday,
For it just belongs to *me,*
And, as long as I've been born,
What boots an anniversary?
We could skip the celebration,
With its sentiments and flowers,
Of our conjugal relation,
Since that wedding was just *ours.*
And our Fourth of July crackers
With our eloquence and fuss
Must needs grow small, since after all
It's but the brag of *us.*
But Christmas! Well, that's different!
You can't take that away;
It isn't mine; it isn't thine—
It's *everybody's* day.
God gave it to His children
Of every speech and land;
So Christmas finds all tongues and kinds
Rejoicing hand in hand.

CHRISTMAS AFTER THE HONEYMOON

O ye who wished us well, when off
We set on a summer's day
For the land that lies
    In the lap o' the skies,
Where the snows are swirled
    On the top o' the world,
Where the silences speak
    To the souls that seek
To know what the silences say:

As you gaze at the crackling Christmas log,
As you dream the dream that is dear,
Of the love you have won,
    And the good you have done;
Of the joys that are past,
    And the friendships that last;
Just think of the two
    Who are calling to you:—
"Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"

ONCE A YEAR

We may not often see your face,
    Nor frequent greetings send;
But no one can usurp your place,
    For still you are our Friend.

And, lest we should forgetful be,
    And Friendship grow less dear,
The Christmas-time unfailingly
    Keeps coming once a year.

NEAR OR FAR

Near or far, wherever you are,
There's no place at the Christmastide
Like the nook you know in the magic glow
Of the crackling log, by the old fireside.

There's a friendly name in every flame,
And memory now is quick to trace
In the gentle smoke the old home folk,
And in every coal a friendly face.

And there, as you gaze into ember and blaze,
Look twice, and you'll see, as if trying to hide,
A Freeman or two, who are calling to you,
"The Merriest Christmas!" from their fireside.

WE ARE GLAD

'Tis no matter where you place us:
Where the sun does ever shine,
Where the roses ever face us
'Neath the lofty palm and pine;
Or where winter's claw and tooth is
Bared to-day on land or sea—
For the unaffected truth is,
We are glad that We are We.

And we send you Christmas greeting,
You, in sun or snow, our friend,
You for whom four hearts are beating
As we near the old year's end.
Speaks a baby and her brother,
Bairns with honest eyes of blue,
Speaks a father and a mother:
We are glad that You are You.

A RONDEAU

Since Christmas comes but once a year,
I'll spring to greet her at the door,
And welcome her to share our store
Of family joys and homely cheer.
I'll let her kiss the baby dear—
What could a father proud do more?
Since Christmas comes but once a year,
I'll spring to greet her at the door,
And while she tarries she shall hear,
'Mid merry prattle on the floor,
One braggart tale told o'er and o'er—
My boast of you, O friend sincere,
Since Christmas comes but once a year.

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

Could I be old Saint Nick to-night,
With the rein on my prancing deer,
I'd speed their flight o'er vale and height
In a heart-long race to be here.

My load I would lay by your fireside,
Touch flame to a bayberry wick;
Then murmur my pride as my gifts spread wide,
The gifts of your own Saint Nick.

But I can't play Patron Saint, alack!
Nor sleigh nor deer for me!
Yet, here's more than the pack on Saint Nicholas' back—
Here's All of My Family!

THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR

The great new house, dim-lined and unexplored,
Crowning the long, slow climbing of the hill,
Awaits our hanselling step across the sill;
But all unfurnished. Hither must come the hoard
Of other years, the pleasant books that stored
Our shelves, Time's ticking clock, the songs that thrill,
The pictures memory graves, or good or ill.
Thus stands the house, empty and open-doored.

But lo! a wreath of green hangs in the light!
Bears it the pale fruit of the parasite?
Rather the blood-washed seed whose plucky strife
Won glowing beauty and the right to life.
Prophetic symbol of the year to go,
Is it the Holly or the selfish Mistletoe?

A NEW YEAR

Ho, for the trail ahead of me,
The winding, sunlit trail!
For I must seek the mountain-peak
As the knights did seek the Grail.

Ho, for the trail ahead of me,
The narrowing, shelving trail!
For I would dare the dangers there
As the knights of the Holy Grail.

Ho, for the trail ahead of me,
The misty, shadowing trail!
For naught that lies on the path to the skies
Can daunt a knight of the Grail.

Ho, for the trail ahead of me!
Whatever the trail may hold,
My heart is clear of palsying fear,
Like a knight of the Grail of gold.

WAR

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

White Captain of my soul, lead on;
I follow Thee, come dark or dawn.
Only vouchsafe three things I crave:
Where terror stalks, help me be brave!
Where righteous ones can scarce endure
The siren call, help me be pure!
Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
What once they scorned, help me be true!

BE BRAVE

Forward, my lad, for the righteous have need
of you!
Forward, where all flags of freedom should
wave;
Forward, and show the rare hero breed of you;
Forward! Be Brave!

Forward, my lad, 'tis the old story o'er again;
Vie with the valiant who strove for the slave;
Haters of shackles must march to the fore
again;
Forward! Be Brave!

Forward, my lad, 'tis the cry of humanity:
Down with the throne of the madman and
knave!
Strike for Democracy, justice and sanity;
Forward! Be Brave!

Hush ye, my heart! Away, mother fear of
mine!
Speak not of death and a far foreign grave;
Soldiers must see no weak mother tear of
mine,
Hush ye! Be Brave!

Upward, my soul, for God's in the fight, I ween;
Upward, and trust the Almighty to save.
Thine is the hope of the just and the right, I ween;
Upward! Be Brave!

WE'RE ONE FOR UNCLE SAM

We come from old New England,
We come from Siskiyou,
We mowed the grain upon the plain,
We picked the cotton, too;
Alaska we have mined,
We built the Roosevelt Dam,
We staked our claim, but all the same
We're one for Uncle Sam.

We're one for Uncle Sam,
We're one for Uncle Sam,
It used to be for you and me,
But now it's Uncle Sam;
In danger anywhere,
In earth or sea or air,
The Boche and Hun will find us one,
All one for Uncle Sam.

Our fathers came from Scotia,
Or they crossed the Irish Sea,
There's blood in us of Frank or Russ,
We sing of Italy;
We're sons of Johnny Bull,
We're sons of Abraham,
It took the earth to give us birth,—
We're one for Uncle Sam.

We're off to fight for freedom,
In lands of foreign speech,
To make them feel from Kut to Kiel
The length of Samuel's reach;
We're off to fight for freedom
From here to Ispahan,
To bear our stars and flaming bars
For man and Uncle Sam.

With full simplicity, he prays
For courage through these thunder days,
That boy o' mine.
Shall I, then, be the nightly ghost
To haunt that warrier at his post,
Marshalling all the cowardly host
Of mother-fears to dam his prayers?
Nay, Lord, forgive! Forget!
I'll nurse my son on courage yet.
I'll vanquish my despairs,
For love of that dear boy o' mine.

He smiled, who had so much to lose,
When Right's clear voice commanded
"Choose,"
That man o' mine.
But now in my hand lie the nerves
That pull his lips to smiling curves,
And commandeer the vast reserves
Of joy for him. I shall not fail.
Over love's mirrored space
I'll keep for him a smiling face;
This soldier-woman shall prevail
For love of that dear man o' mine.

MOTHER'S PRAYER

Good God, who through my life hast been my stay,
By whose ordaining joy and sorrow sought me out,
Whose chiefest earthly gift to me has been my son,
I turn to Thee in this my anguish-hour.
No longer may I guide his steps,
No longer does he come at eventide
To give in his pure eyes the mirror of his soul.
My baby's gone; gone is my little lad;
And now a man stands in his place,
Stands where I cannot be, or see, or shield.
God, guard Thou him!
Make him to know the Lord is still his Shepherd.
Endow him with courage and good sense.
Put Thy Spirit in his heart,
That he may be the man I hope to see
When guns are still and strife is overpast.
Whisper to him, where'er he lies this night,
The words I fain would speak could I be near;
For, though he is no more a child,
I always am his Mother.

COLUMBIA'S PRAYER

Hold Thou in hand, O mighty Charioteer,
The mettled elements. Slack not the strain
On prancing Sea, with foamy bit and chain;
Despite her thundering hoofs, make Earth to hear
Thy quieting tones; let Thy command ring clear
For Fire, mad Fire, with blazing eye; rein
Thou the eager Air, with streaming mane,
Untamed by whip and spur, uncurbed by fear.

They paint me now with flaming sword and shield,
Minerva of the seething battlefield;
They sing of me as one of iron will;
But Thou dost know I am a Mother still.
Hear then my prayer, for on each steed of Thine
There bravely rides a little lad of mine.

THE FEAR OF FEAR

I know not what, strong-fibred, lies in me
Of craven stuff;
What, by the rough,
Rough tests of war, grim fighting men will see
Laid bare. I dread the mastery of dread.
I fear that I may fear among the dead.
Or standing guard breast-deep in mine own grave
While demon rain of ragged steel is showered.
I only know, I hate a coward.
God make me brave!

PRAYER AT NIGHT

UP FRONT

Lord of my life, the shadows fall,
And in the shadows what surprises lurk
I cannot tell·
What blaze of death shall through the night
encircle me,
What subtle foe steal o'er the land-unclaimed,
What pain, or more, awaits for us who tensely
watch,—
All this I may not know. But still I hold
God's in His heaven; ay, nearer to me than
heaven,
Thou Christ art here, here by my side, here in
my heart;
No man need face the shadows all alone.
Give ear then to my prayer:
Forgive my sins that rise in accusation now,
And let that sweet forgiveness melt my heart
In tender thoughts toward one-time friends
across the sea.
Send me Thy peace to keep me, come what will,
And mark my vow made in the silences with
Thee—
Whatever years now lie ahead for me,
I live for God!

PRAYER IN THE MORNING

UP FRONT

For morning, Lord, I thank Thee; I thank Thee
for the light!
In mercy Thou hast spared my life
Through darkness, danger, death, to greet
another dawn.
And now my heart bids ask Thee, Why?
Why, in Thy providence, am I found here
Who might so easily have joined those ranks
Whose shouts and shots no longer strike the
echoes?
Why? Thou only knowest why.
Yet I may ask to learn of Thee,
Seek to be friends with Thee; and in that
friendly walk
Find holy thoughts that stir to noble life,
And by that noble life to justify Thy grace.
Thou dost not give me years to live—
One moment at a time is all I have;
Then grant me grace throughout this day
To live each moment worthily.

EVENING PRAYER

EN REPOS

God of Mercy:
The day with all its choices, good or ill,
Is now beyond recall;
And I am alone with Thee,
To make answer for deed and word and thought.
I cannot play the hypocrite with Thee;
I cannot excuse or justify the blots that stain the day;
I cannot lightly laugh at my transgressions now;
For Thou dost know me altogether.
But Thou dost know the good in me, and not the evil only;
Dost see my struggles, mark my resolutions,
Hear my silent prayers in heaven, Thy dwelling place.
Thy heart is kind.
There is forgiveness with Thee.
It was for men like me that Jesus died.
For His sake, let me know Thy peace to-night,
And with the morrow make me to be
A new and worthier man.

MORNING PRAYER

EN REPOS

Strong Son of God:
I dare not go into this day without asking Thy blessing.
The memory of other days spent without Thee is too vividly before me,
Days when I have been weak and ignoble,
Days when I have lived only to please myself,
Caring neither for right, nor honor, nor the high welfare of others.
In the sanity of the early morning, I humbly come
To Thee,
Who alone canst make me strong,
And pledge myself to seek to do Thy will.
I, who would wage war to make a good world,
Want to win the first battle in my own life.
Make me, then, victor, to-day over the sins that so easily beset me,
And grant me grace through the fleeting hours to be
A man—and unashamed.

THE COLORS

When I joined, I joined the colors,
To the colors touched my brow,
To the colors looked in reverence,
To the colors made my vow.

You remember how we left you
With the colors at our head;
While our hearts were full of hoping,
And your hearts were filled with dread.

You remember how we waited
For the colors to advance,
When our land was bathed in sunlight,
And all swathed in shadow France.

You remember how they brought us
To the shores of Brittany,
How the colors bade defiance
To the devils of the sea.

We have marched behind the colors
From the seaboard to Lorraine;
We have fought around the colors
North from Belfort to the Aisne.

We have fallen by the colors;
And our martyrs for the right
We have shrouded in the colors,
In the Blue, the Red, the White.

Wear for me no somber mourning,
If I join those gallant dead;
Wear the colors of a soldier,
Wear the White, the Blue, the Red.

For I joined me to the colors—
Hail each stripe and star and hue!
Flag I live for, fight for, die for,
Hail the Red, the White, the Blue!

PRAYER FOR THE FOLK AT HOME

Father above, and Best Friend of us all:
Remember in Thy tender mercy
The hearts that beat for me.
I thank Thee for their prayers;
But more, I thank Thee for the love that prompts their prayers,
The love that makes them fancy me as of heroic mould.
They are but human souls, those parents, kinsmen, friends,
And that one woman Thou didst send to teach me love indeed,
Whose kindly hearts will dread each coming day,
And dream of danger through the night.
Send them Thy peace, O Lord!
Bid them to know their cries are not in vain!
Suffer no crushing circumstance to lay them low.
Let Thy best gifts be theirs, health and their daily bread,
The love of friend and neighbor,
The joy that follows work well done,

And the calm of confidence that, though I'm
far away,
I will not fail their hope, or bruise their pride.
Gather us all under Thy wings,
And in the night watches set our spirits free
Until at length we win back home,
To meet where sea nor land can intervene,
Or in Thy mercy meet within Our Father's
House.

TOM

"Thomas K. Littlejohn, R. G. A., gunner (teacher of music)
—killed in action April 9, 1918"

God willed him a musician,
Lit his soul with love and fun,
Made him mirror all the masters;
But he died beside a gun.

Died, who might have served by living,
Served as serve the stars and sun,
Warming hearts and coaxing beauty—
Yes, he died beside a gun.

Slender hands God gave the artist,
E'er their task was well begun
Deftly weaving strands of music,
Fed the furor of a gun.

He who by the grace of kindness
All the little children won,
He who lived in realms of sweetness,
Strangely dies beside a gun.

O ye maddened men of Europe,
Come behold what ye have done;
Ye have dragged him from the organ,
Ye have flung him to the gun.

Ye have fed him to your passions;
As they crucified that One
Whose ways ye have rejected,
So ye slew him by a gun.

Yes, ye slew him; but he's living,
Stirring many a Scottish son—
Ye cannot kill the spirit
Of such men beside the gun.

Ye but galvanize our prophets.
So beware, O blinded Hun,
Of the men God made musicians
Who are standing by the gun.

THY KINGDOM COME

Have you seen the little crosses
On the borders of Lorraine,
The little wooden crosses
Standing guard above the slain?

Have you seen their arms of mercy
Reaching o'er each hero's head,
Giving final benediction
To the armies of the dead?

Have you seen the poppies clinging
To each little cross's foot,
Or the lilies white upspringing,
Or the roses striking root?

Have you heard their soft, sweet voices
While they moved upon each grave,
While they smoothed the earthen pillows
Of the silent and the brave?

"Fear ye not! Behold our beauty,
Prophets to the world we come!
Not in vain the sons of duty
Heard the last sepulchral drum.

"Not in vain, for lo! there rises
From the vast entombing sod
Of their buried sacrifices,
CHRIST, the conquering Christ of God!"

ARMISTICE DAY 1918

Thanks be to Thee, O Thou on Zion's hill,
Before whose throne the wild imaginings
Of men gone mad, and madmen's madder kings,
Do rise vainly to spend themselves. Thou still
Art God—no puppet of a prince's will—
God, our fathers' God, whose underlings
Must justly do, and on the willing wings
Of mercy fly with good the earth to fill.

Thanks be to Thee in Belgium's sacred name,
Written in ruins, enhaloed in the flame;
Thanks in the name of our vicarious dead,
In name of womanhood, for whom the dread
Of savagery is gone. Thanks, thanks to Thee,
Hope of our hearts, the world is fit to be.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Aflame like falling stars across the night
They came, those heralds of the Saviour's birth,
Marking a blazing trail from heaven to earth.
A miracle, transcending far the height
Of shepherds' dream! And yet, the holy sight
In Bethlehem was not for them. Its worth
Was plumbed by common folk tossed 'twixt mirth
And megrims, life and death, darkness and light.

Greater the miracle, I vow, when men,
Not angels robed in white, but men, all mud—
Befouled, blackened with smoke, adrip with blood,
Take up the burden of good-will again.
The heavenly host may sing and speed away,
But these march with the Lord to Calvary.

MY COUNTRY! MY COUNTRY!

Columbia, thou best land,
Thou free land, east and west land;
Land where our sires did build the fires
Of Liberty!
Nor lord nor king his yoke on them could lay;
No prince shall bring their sons to slavery.
Thy need my law shall be.

Columbia, thou brave land,
Thou swift-to-serve-and-save land,
No gains to-day with thee outweigh
Humanity.
"In God we trust," the bruiséd nations cry;
"For God we Thrust," thine eager sons reply.
My Country! My Country!
Their need thy law shall be.

Columbia, thou rare land,
Thou strong-to-do-and-dare land,
Mountain and plain yield gold and grain
In tribute to thee.

Thy wide, wide fields shall feed the hungering
horde
That rides, rides conquering now before the
Lord.
My Country! My Country!
Their need thy law shall be.

Columbia, thou kind land,
Thou clan-and-hate-behind land,
Through storm and flame men read thy name
Democracy.
One, one in thee their blood and tongues
shall blend;
One, one like thee all warring factions end.
My Country! My Country!
Man's need thy law shall be.

A DISCOVERY

I used to think him heathen
  Just because—well, don't you see,
He didn't speak God's English,
  And he didn't look like me.
He had a burnt complexion,
  Which is heathen, goodness knows.
He ate a heathen's rations,
  And he wore a heathen's clothes.
But there's a s'prising skinful
  In that bloke from far away;
He fights like any Christian,
  And I've heard the beggar pray.
He's kind to little kiddies,
  And there's written in his eyes
The willingness to render
  All a Christian's sacrifice.
Yes, you'd know him for a heathen
  If you judged him by the hide;
But, bless you, he's my brother,
  For he's just like me inside.

WRITTEN FROM FRANCE
TO THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE SOLDIER

Heigho, heigho, my soldier man!
Give me a ticket as fast as you can!

Where are you going, my soldier man?
To France, to France, as soon as I can!

What will you do, my soldier man?
I'll fight, I'll fight, as hard as I can!

What will you carry, my soldier man?
My gun, my gun. Boom-binga-bang-bang!

What's in your trunk, my soldier man?
An army of tin A-mer-i-can.

What will your soldiers do, my man?
They'll kill the germ in the bad Germ-an!

And will you come back, my soldier man?
As fast, as fast, as ever I can!

REVIEW OF THE DOLLS

Every one a soldier,
  Ready to advance,
I'll be your general
  On the way to France.

Play the band, old Clownie man;
  Billy goat will prance,
For he has the cavalry
  On its way to France.

Major Johnny, stand up here!
  Pick out at a glance
All the kids for infant-ry
  Who must sail for France.

Colonel Teddy, you command
  All that seem by chance
Fit for the artillery
  On the fields of France.

Blue-Boy on the end there,
  With neither gun nor lance,
You must be the admiral
  Of the fleet for France.

Little Dolly Dimple,
  Lightest in your dance,
You will take an aeroplane
  All the way to France.

Every one a soldier,
  Barracks at the manse;
I'll be your general—
  The tennis-court is France.

GEOGRAPHY

Except America perhaps,
I don't know very much of maps;
I could not point the land of Laps,
Or sketch the islands of the Japs:
The thing I know that makes me glad is,
I know where's France—that's where
my Dad is.

IN A DUGOUT

I'm sleeping with the cooties,
My armchair is a dud,
I'm shaving with a jack-knife,
I walk knee-deep in mud;
The rats devour my rations—
Oh, living's lots o' fun,
When you try to be a Christian,
And to civilize the Hun.

"PLEASE, IT WAS A HUN"

Bang goes the front door,
Sounds like a gun.
"Sonny, what you doing there?'
"Please, it was a Hun!"

Bang goes a little doll.
"Look what you have done!
Aren't you a naughty boy?"
"Please, it was a Hun!"

Bang goes a window.
See him on the run!
"Get him quick! Bring him here!"
"Please, it was a Hun!"

Bang goes anything,
But it's lots o' fun
For the little boy who cries,
"Please, it was a Hun."

Bang goes everything
Here beneath the sun.
Bang go hopes, and lives but half begun,
Bang go hearts, and the dearest trophies won,
While everywhere it's in the air,
"Please, it was a Hun!"

THE ABSENT PEGGY

I know what Peggy would bring to me,
If Peggy could skip across the sea:
Something to eat—oh, yummy-yum-yum!
And something to drink, in my tummy-tum-tum.
But, better than all I could store on a shelf,
Or quickly devour, would be Peggy herself,—
Peggy, the witch with the lovely red hair;
Peggy, the chit with the ways that are rare;
Peggy, whose lips send thrills to my heart;
Peggy, whose smile is of Peggy a part;
Peggy, whose hands I'd love to feel now
Touching so gently my cheek and my brow;
Peggy, whose eyes are won from her mother;
Peggy, who's Peggy, and can't be another,--
These are what Peggy would bring for my cheer.
Um! I'd like to wake up and find her right here.

STEP BY STEP

(A key to the shoulder markings of American officers.)

The ladder up the army tree
Begins with a Lieutenancy.

A second rung, and you may claim
The honor of a Captain's name.

The Major, loftier still, perceives
The golden lining of the leaves.

Lieutenant-Colonels in their turn
The silver leaf-tops can discern.

The gallant Colonel clearly sees
The eagle soar above the trees.

Far, far beyond shines star on star,—
But only a General gets that far!

FAITH

MY PRAYER

Lord of my life, henceforth I bear
The name of Christian everywhere;
And all observing eyes shall see
Such Christ as is revealed in me.
In trade, or play, my every word
Will shame or glorify my Lord;
Each act, each generosity,
Will point to Thee unwittingly.
Therefore, O Christ, my spirit claim,
And make me worthy of Thy name.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE

The hills are splashed with sunlight, the hedges
blaze in red,
There's a tangled mass of orange in the vine
above my head,
There's a glory in the orchard, and the poppy
fields are spread
Like the golden streets of Heaven—And I'm
Glad.

But when ghosts from off Pacific, with their
airy phantom band
Swathe the mountains, sweep the canyon, fill
the sky, possess the land,
Touch the springs, and start the fountains,
loose the floods with magic hand
Till the waters burst in torrent—I'll Be Glad.

And when from out the desert, with his wild
and dusty train,
Swirling garments, screaming madly, storming
over peak and plain,
Breaks some hotly-breathing Boreas, dealing
ruin, wreck and pain,
In a night of visitation—Why Be Sad?

For our wealth is more than weather, and our sunlight than the day,
The life we own than stick or stone, our pleasure more than play;
Ours the peace within the promise, who have heard the Master say:
"I will never, never leave thee"—So Be Glad.

Then let us greet each dawning with the smile of those who know
That though darkness overtake us in the way that we must go,
Though we stumble and grow weary, there's a Friend that speaketh: "Lo!
I will never, never leave thee"—And Be Glad.

THE LIVING CHRIST

"Supposing Him to be the gardener." John 20:15
"Jesus Himself drew near, but their eyes were holden." Luke 24:16
"Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." John 21:4

"Ah, Mary, thy tears, and thy faithless, foundless fears
Made thee blind to Him who broke thee from the thrall of wanton years;
Thou art shamed!"

"Art *thou*, then, who railest me, from that same fault wholly free?
Hast *thou* looked on every laborer for the Man of Galilee?
Hast *thou* gazed on every gardener with the willingness to find
Him that liveth and was dead? Or art *thou* blind?"

"Ye men who overstrode the dusty Emmaus road,
Ye were slow of heart and vision; for the suffering Son of God
Walked by your side."

"Blame us, ye who can blame rightly, ye
whose hearts are bowed contritely,
Ye who seek the wandering Jesus in the
tramps that daily, nightly
Touch *your side.*
Blame us, ay, but blame us not, if the Man
of Galilee
Ne'er has whispered on the highway: 'Ye
have done it unto Me!' "

"Ye apostles, too, were blind, ye whose dullard,
sluggish mind
Saw the crosses, saw the losses, saw the dead
Christ, nor could find
The living Lord upon the shore."

Yea, yet lo! from every nation, French (Le
Breton or Alsatian),
"Turk and Jew and Pole and Slovak, Russ,
Italian, Greek, Croatian,
Come the hordes to stand and wait till their
brother man shall see
'Neath the skin, behind the crudeness,
God's own Man of Galilee."

STRIKE THE LINE

Strike the line!
The Game is on!
Strike it hard!
Strike, before your chance is gone;
Strike it hard!
Strike, while shouts the eager throng;
Strike, as strikes the brave and strong;
Strike, with all who hate the wrong;
Strike the line!

Strike the line!
The Team's behind you!
Strike it hard!
Strike before the foe can find you;
Strike it hard!
Strike and tear the needy hole;
Yonder, waiting, stands the goal;
And you're fighting for your soul;
Strike the line!

Strike the line!
The Captain's calling!
Strike it hard!
Strike, for sturdy men are falling;
Strike it hard!
Strike, for brilliant plays are few;
Make your down's the thing to do;
And this Game is up to you;
Strike the line!

THE CHALLENGE OF THE DIFFICULT

(To the Y. M. C. A.)

YES, it is hard!
'Tis hard to be a man,
The man my heart cries out to be,
The man I in my hero see,
Of pulsing blood, yet all unmarred
By malehood's vices—but I can.

MASTER the low,
The low that to a man
Urges the near, the easy goal,
Plays to the flesh, strangles the soul,
Speaks as myself, strikes as my foe;
This too is hard—but I can.

CHRIST fought the fight,
Fought it and stands God's Man,
Challenging me in the heat of my youth,
To virtue and honor and courage and truth,
Boldly to speak or to strike for the right;
All this is hard—but I can.

AY, it is hard!
But I must be a man,
A man who bears a Christian's heart,
A man who does a Christian's part;
And none in heaven or earth is starred
Unless he cry: "I can!"

THE JUBILEE

(To the Y. W. C. A.)

YESTERDAY shackled and chattled and dumb,
The toy of the player, the slave of the strong,
With never a dream of a day that could come
When a woman dare plead for her rights against wrong.

WEIGHTED with burdens, hungry of heart,
Lonely and loveless, and groping in fear,
Held by tradition and law far apart
From the ways of a man, for a man knew no peer.

CHRIST made the difference. In Him bond nor free,
In Him male nor female, in Him all are one.
He came to establish the order to be,
The Lordship of love here under the sun.

AND that Kingdom is coming; God's daughters conspire
To bring the Divine into all that is human,
With faith and with hope and with pure love to fire
The free-born soul of woman for woman.

IN A HOSPITAL

It is not as I dreamed. No place had pain
Upon my visioned way; but arching trees
Did wave their happy green along the lane
All lovers tread to hail their destinies;
And roses laughed, and field-flowers smiled,
While Signor Meadowlark his lyric voice
Did raise with new-found notes for me, a child
Born in peace unblemished to rejoice.

It is not as I dreamed, for here in pain
Far sharper than the cruel fleshly ache
I lie, a thousand cares crowding my brain,
A thousand cares seeking my heart to break;
Cares of the yesterday I cannot change,
Cares of the morrow that I may not see,
Cares of today—ah, God, how passing strange
My loves should be without my ministry.

It is not as I dreamed. But I will make
New dreams, recall each happy memory;
Conjure the brightest hopes for love's sweet sake,
And fondly wait my white-sailed argosy.
I'll dream that, by so much as I am here,
Others shall be more glad, gloom shall cease,

Chafing discontent and palsying fear
Shall loose their hold, and we shall know God's peace.

It is not as I dreamed. No place had pain
Upon my visioned way. But I am here,
Like some untutored child, in school again
To learn *Thy* place for pain—Lord, let Thy way appear!
And while expectantly I stand
Waiting the pointing of Thy hand,
I would in quiet, subtle ways
Neglected in the busy days,
Offer for those who seek my good
The sacrifice of gratitude;
The peace I find in paindom share
With those I love, by faithful prayer.
Though eye be dim or tongue be dumb,
'Tis thus I will not be o'ercome.

MIDNIGHT IN THE SICKROOM

For the day with its fragrance, its heartening light,
Its perfume of roses, and redolent deeds;
For odorous memories filling the night,
Of love and of skill at the beck of my needs;
For vision and voice that are mine, only mine,
As sleepless and lightless I lie all alone;
For a glimpse of the angels that sing and that shine,
As they bear my night's measure of grace from the throne;
That darkness is only the shadow of Him
Whom eye cannot see nor hand ever limn;
That weird nightly whispers all pregnant with fear
Are only the sound of Thy steps drawing near;
That Thou bringest me peace for my sigh and my sob,
As I reach once again for the hem of Thy robe;
I thank Thee, O Lord, and new hope I take
Of quickening health in the day that shall break.

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE

Backward we look, O God of all our days,
Guard of our youth, and Guide o'er all our ways;
For life, for love, for health, for work, for food,
Lord of our lives, we sing our gratitude.

Inward we look and marvel at Thy power,
Christ of our souls, who savest hour by hour;
For joyful hearts, for every righteous mood,
Lord of our lives, we sing our gratitude.

Forward we look, nor fear what waiteth there;
Onward we move, relying on Thy care;
Knowing Thy grace o'er us and ours shall brood,
Lord of our lives, we sing our gratitude.

Upward we look, where march the stars and sun,
Upward we reach, whose lives are but begun;
Upward and wait, Thy mercies, O how good!
Upward and sing, O Lord, our gratitude.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME

Eternal Father, Who hast given
To homes on earth foretaste of heaven,
Whose gentle Spirit from above
Doth breathe Thy peace in hearts that love;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless Our Home!

O Son of Mary, Who didst heed
On Calvary that Mother's need,
Whose days of toil, Whose ways of truth
And sonly love still call our youth;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless Our Home!

O Saviour, Who didst smile to see
The bridal feast in Galilee,
Whose grace we crave on all who bow
For life and death to take their vow;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless Our Home!

O Tender Shepherd, Who dost hold
Each little lamb within Thy fold,
With rod and staff Who followest still
The wandering sheep o'er vale and hill;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless Our Home!

Eternal Father, ever near,
With arm outstretched and listening ear,
Whose mercy keeps, whose power defends
Our sons, our daughters, and our friends;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless Our Home!

TRY IT AGAIN

I played with my blocks—I was but a child,
Houses I builded, castles I piled;
But they tottered and fell, all my labor was vain;
Yet my father said kindly: "We'll try it again!"

I played with my days—what's time to a lad?
Why pore over books? Play, play and be glad!
Till my youth was all spent like a sweet summer rain;
Yet my father said kindly: "We'll try it again!"

I played with my chance; such gifts as were mine
To work with, to win with, to serve the Divine,
With prodigal hand I did waste and profane;
Yet my Father said kindly: "We'll try it again!"

I played with my soul, the soul that is I,
The best that is in me—I smothered its cry;
I lulled it, I dulled it, and now, O the pain!
Yet my Father says kindly: "We'll try it again!"

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

1.

Once more the head,
O Lord, we bow;
And for our bread
We thank Thee now.

2.

Sit Thou with us, O silent Guest,
Our Friend unseen, whom we love best;
And by Thy presence make us feel
True happiness throughout this meal.

HOPE

THE MOCKING-BIRD

He sings to-night. Ah, with what constancy
He comes to my tall eucalyptus tree;
Where, at the middle hour, when all is still,
He plays the prodigal with art, with trill,
Arpeggio, run, and flowing melody.
Robed in the dark, no straining eye may see
His white-slashed wings; and yet for me,
With artistry and unregarded skill,
He sings to-night.

All pasts are in that vocal mastery;
All futures find a noble prophecy,
For each unsounded morrow's safe until
The mocking-bird shall cease to set a-thrill
My heart with hope. So thanks, good God,
to Thee,
He sings to-night.

DEATH

I saw one tree
Whose arms as if in prayer
Went reaching out toward heaven,
Fruitless and leafless and blackened and bare,
And whose side was lightning-riven—
And I wept at the horror of death.

Then I saw
Ten thousand trees with color rare
Painted on every leaf,
And those autumnal beauties rustling there
Brought to my heart relief—
And I smiled at the glory of death.

SNOW

The snow, the snow,
Dream-nurturing snow,
Coming down like a gown
From above, as if Love
Would enwrap the nude world below;
But as still and as chill
As the breath of cold Death—
Earth's gown is a shroud of snow.

THEY KNEW

(Marshall Crane Hayes, Jr., accidentally killed July 16, 1915)

They knew,
The boys knew well his flashing eye,
His shoulders squared, his head on high;
They saw him sweep the waves aside;
They followed when, with easy stride,
He trode the climbing trail; they knew,
Those lads who probed his soul, and drew
From him, beside the moonlit sea,
The secret of his stalwart honesty;
They knew his hero-stuff, and they
Thank God for Marshall Hayes today.

They knew,
Those elemental men who bide
Far from our crusted life, who hide
No passion from the common sight,
Whose hands are trained to fell and fight;
Those crudest sons of Nature knew
Here was a man to hold their view,
A man of other, better mould,
With passions, too, yet still white-souled;
They knew his lofty life, and they
Thank God for Marshall Hayes today.

They knew,
Those gentle ones to whom his heart
Lay bared, from whom no secret part
Was hid, who won his tenderest names,
And saw him meet the fullest claims
Of blood and home and troth; they always knew
The roots of that clean life that grew
So fair in form, roots that in youth
Laid hold on God, and righteousness, and truth;
They knew his Christian faith, and they
Thank God for Marshall Hayes today.

ROBERT R. MEREDITH

Just to have seen him!
His stalwart form erect as when he led
The willing lads where blue was stained with red;
Erect, when fourscore years and four were done,
As when he fought the deeps for days, and won;
His massive head and eye aflame,
Fit for the greatest Grecian's name;
A worthy temple for the pride
Of field and forum side by side.
Just to have seen him rise in any throng
To cry the right or controvert the wrong;
Just to have seen him when he stooped and smiled
Upon a broken-hearted little child;
Just to have seen him walk a common street
Beaten for years by all our common feet;
Was to have felt the lift of that same grace
That fashioned him the type of our strong race;
Inspired we rose instinctively,
Ennobled by nobility,
Just to have seen him.

Just to have heard him!
A music-master with consummate ease
Playing an instrument of many keys,
Himself each string, himself each horn and reed,
With tones accordant to each human need;
The compass of all notes his reach,
All passions sounded in his speech,
All that men seek and see and sense
Re-echoed in his eloquence.
Just to have heard him stay and overawe
The rebel crowd with thunders of the law;
Just to have heard him speak full tenderly
The gospel of the Man of Galilee;
Just to have heard him pour his heart in prayer
When worlds were rocked or souls were bowed with care;
Was to have felt the lift of that same grace
That fashioned him the type of our strong race;
Inspired we rose instinctively,
Ennobled by nobility,
Just to have heard him.

Just to have known him!
This rare man chiseled in giant lines,
No dwarféd limb, nor in the strait confines
Of little things was cribbed his eager soul.
Large were his ventures, and full large his goal.
While such men live, hope cannot die
For conquering Democracy;
When such men die, hope will not be
Cheated of immortality.
Just to have known him when he did unbend
And grant the intimacy of friend;
Just to have known him when as man to man
He bared the truest soul American;
Just to have known him, herald of the King,
Bearing His colors, souls a-marshalling;
Was to have felt the lift of that same grace
That fashioned him the type of our strong race;
Inspired we rose instinctively,
Ennobled by nobility,
Just to have known him.

BAFFLING TIME

'Tis not by years we measure youth or age,
Nor yet by battles fought nor wisdom won,
Nor power to press to issue plans begun;
Three-score-and-ten may lightly touch the sage,
And leave as merry heart as wit or page;
The son of Mars may with the setting sun
Forget, in laughter, deeds of daring done,
And be a youth again the war to wage.

So one we loved as mother, wife and friend,
Though years did gather, frightened age away;
Did baffle Time, nor ever draw old breath;
Taught us to live and labor to the end;
Then sudden, like a child surprised at play,
Fled from the years, and still was young in death.

PROPHETIC VOICES

Ah! Shall it ever be a dream?
Must thoughts of future life that seem
So fair remain unrealized?
Must I by all these visions bright,
By hopes for day beyond the night,
Be simply tantalized?
Does God create me but to give
Thoughts of a life I ne'er can live?
Are aspirations but to teach
That there are heights I ne'er can reach?
Are all my prayers and struggles vain,
And seek I what I ne'er can gain?
Is this it all? Is this it all?
Is life one bitter cup of gall?

No! No! A thousand times I hear
This answer ringing in my ear.
The voice of Nature cries: "Behold
The nodding grain all capped with gold,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant rose,
The towering tree, and all that grows
Upon the bosom of the earth.

Did not they all before their birth
Lie buried deep beneath the sod?
Did not the spark of life that God
Within a sheltering husk had placed,
As in a walléd tomb encased,
Burst its bonds and upward fight
For long, long days without the light
Of one thin ray from yonder sun?
But did it cease the strife begun,
And in despair fall back and die?
Or did an inner, living cry
Impel it on, and up, and out,
Till, with triumphant, silent shout
Of victory, full forth it came
To face the world and clear proclaim
'Our dreams, our hopes, are prophecies.' "

OUT OF SIGHT, BUT NOT AWAY

" . . . *And He vanished out of their sight.*"
Luke 24:31

Out of sight, O rare Companion
Of the hallowed Emmaus way,
Who didst set our hearts a-burning—
Out of sight, but not away.

Out of sight, while all unlovely,
Grim, and hard, and ashen-grey,
Is the visage of our fortune—
Out of sight, but not away.

Out of sight, when close beside us
Lies dear, unrespiring clay,
That once throbbed with love and beauty—
Out of sight, but not away.

Out of sight, yet faith can see Thee
Riding on the clouds to-day,
Riding with Thy righteous cohorts—
Out of sight, but not away.

Out of sight, O our Redeemer,
Hear a million hearts that pray
For the coming of earth's kingdoms
'Neath Thine unseen sceptre's sway.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE"

"In my Father's House are many rooms."
John 14:2

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like my child with cheeks a-bloom,
Out of sight, at desk or school-book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than my son whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Serving in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom?
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom
When I know my loves are happy,
Waiting in the other room?

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